

# Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

NO. 1

## Notes and News.

Capt. Hads has at last secured his half million. Queen Victoria was 60 years old on Saturday last.

The Ohio Democratic convention will be held next week.

The Senate has determined to confirm the army promotions.

A tipsy parson and his little boy went over Niagara last week.

The Homestake mill, Lead City, is using Black Hills coal for fuel.

Pat Kelly, of St. Paul, got the lion's share of the Indian contracts.

Thurman will probably be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio.

A rehearing has finally been granted in the Couch murder case, Deadwood.

Rich silver mines are said to have been discovered near Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Homestake stock is selling in New York at \$34 57 1/2; Old Abe at \$7 in San Francisco.

The President declines to approve the findings of the court in the Kit Johnson Porter case.

A divorce has been granted Mrs. Gordon Granger from Capt. Blair on account of bigamy.

Jay Cooke has made a rich strike in Colorado stocks and will soon be on his feet again.

The Central system has been adopted by the N.Y. Produce Exchange in the purchase of grain.

Dr. Myer and his associates of Deadwood, have sold the Greenwich mineral lode for \$20,000 cash.

The Deadwood Times speaks of silver ore from the Spotted American Chief which assays \$700 to the ton.

Giant powder is now used with matches to remove the disagreeable houses in Chinatown, Deadwood.

Hon. Chas. Foster was nominated for Governor of Ohio by the Republican Convention on the first ballot.

Wendell Phillips pronounced an oration on Wm. Lloyd Garrison at his funeral at Roxbury on Wednesday.

The Northern Pacific loan of two million and a half was all taken within twenty-four hours after it was offered.

A St. Cloud saloon keeper named H. Berkman cut his throat with suicidal intent a few days ago. He still lives.

Arrangements have been completed for extending the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad to Ft. Dodge this season.

A southern newspaper wants Z. C. Chandler shot. In 1861 about four million southerners contained the same notion.

The Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad will reach the Mission at Fort投降 this season; the Chicago & Northwestern at Fort Pierre.

The Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. Co., has purchased the Southern Minnesota R. R. and is rapidly extending the same Dakotaward.

Delegate Bennett has introduced a bill in Congress to re-store the boundaries of Morton county and to locate the penitentiary at Sioux Falls.

The House has passed the Yellow Fever bill and postponed the Cattle bill till December. The Warner bill is believed will be defeated in the Senate.

The Golden Terra mining stock, sold two months ago at \$2 per share is now worth \$14.50. Several good fortunes have been made by lucky investors.

Judge Dillon having resigned, Secretary McCrary will succeed him, and it is believed Alexander Ramsey will be appointed Secretary of War. Good!

The President has justly earned the title of "Old Veto," all of the appropriation bills having political legislation attached having been promptly vetoed.

The Freemans, father and mother, religious fanatics who sacrificed their child in obedience to the supposed commands of God, have been indicted for murder.

The Supreme Court has decided that leases of property made by those occupying claims in the Black Hills executed before the Indian title was extinguished are void.

The total value of the Real and Personal property in Cass County, Dakota, as assessed for purposes of taxation is \$2,141,335. The population of the County is 3,537.

It is now claimed that Beverly Douglas died from the effect of kicks and bruises given him in a house of ill fame by Ex-Gov. Walker of Virginia during a fight following a spree.

Sam Patch was out done a few days ago by H. P. Fera, of Ontario, who jumped from the suspension bridge into the boiling waters below, a distance of 152 feet, coming out all right.

The news is old but to give an idea as to the rapid settlement of Northern Dakota, the Tribune calls attention to the fact that in one day last month the Fargo land office disposed of one hundred thousand acres.

Congress will adjourn on the 10th of June, but will first pass the appropriation bills. The southern members will adopt the course pursued in the matter of the electoral commission and prove that they can be trusted.

The record of the Stanley-Hazen case is in the hands of the President, who is supposed to have some influence with the general of the army, whose duty it will be to approve. This action is regarded favorable to Hazen and worries Stanley.

The Deadwood Times has been enlarged and changed to a morning paper and is now the newest and brightest paper in the Territory. Now that Porter Warner has recovered from the attack of Post Office on the brain he is prosperous and happy.

The sale of refunding certificates has been stopped in all of the eastern cities, in order to give the west a chance. All will be sold this week, however. They are already worth a premium of three per cent. No agent of the government was able to supply the demand for them. Even at Bismarck the demand could not be filled.

## NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

### Decoration Day Observed With Due Solemnity Throughout the Country.

### Parole's Great Victory on English Turf—Children Poisoned by Water.

### Zulus Moving on the British—Mount Etna Booming—No Yellow Fever South.

[Special Dispatch to The Tribune.]

#### THE HEROES.

ST. PAUL, May 31.—Decoration day was very generally observed throughout the country. Ex-Confederate soldiers assisted in the ceremonies at Memphis, Louisville and New Orleans. At the services of the Abraham Lincoln Post, N. Y. city, Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, recited his remarks of last year, advocating the decoration of rebel graves, and hoped no such honor would be paid them because of the action of the Democrats in Congress.

#### ELEVEN CHILDREN POISONED.

Eleven children have died at Island Pond, Vt., from drinking water out of a brook tainted with dead animals. One man was the last of an entire family.

#### PATRICK'S BIG VICTORY.

Parole won the Epsom cup, the greatest of English turf victories. Bramble won the first race at Jerome Park and Launder the second race.

#### FIGHTING ZULUS.

Cetwayo, the Zulu chief, fought a battle with disaffected natives who were about to surrender to the English, and completely crushed them. Cetwayo is now moving on the British.

#### VOLCANIC ETNA.

Mount Etna is in a violent state of eruption. Great clouds of ashes cause almost total darkness in the vicinity of the volcano.

#### KILLED BY A NEGRO.

Pillie Black, tobacco merchant of Cincinnati, was killed by a discharged negro employee.

#### FOREST FIRES.

In the vicinity of Harrisville, Mich., are doing great damage and alarming the settlers.

#### NO YELLOW FEVER.

The Board of Health, New Orleans, denies the presence of the yellow fever at that city.

#### Exploring for Coal.

T. E. Davis, his brother and four men, of Winona, Minnesota, have arrived in Bismarck on their mineral survey. They are old, experienced miners, who started from Winona in wagons, to explore the country for coal. They came via St. Paul, Breckenridge, Cheyenne and James rivers, to Jamestown and thence to Bismarck. At Jamestown they were satisfied there was a workable vein, which it would pay to tackle if they could effect a lease of five thousand acres. Here they think there is a better chance of finding coal in paying quantities, and the demand for it greater. They have a blacksmith forge and a full equipment of mining tools with them. They are now camped near the river. Mr. Davis says he intends to locate here and bore for a diamond coal that underlies the lignite. It is here and he believes he can interest coal men of capital in its development.

#### A New Lumber Market.

In their search for new worlds to conquer or new markets to reach, the Minneapolis lumbermen have struck a new lead. Paris Gibson and J. A. Whitmore, the latter now in the city, have shipped to Bismarck 200,000 feet of Minneapolis lumber, which will be shipped by steamer from Bismarck to Fort Benton, where the latter will locate in the lumber business and the former in the wool business, it being his intention to purchase the entire wool clip of Montana for the North Star Mills, of Minneapolis, and himself engage largely in wool growing.

#### Kind Words.

Perhaps it may not be becoming to publish the kind words given THE TRIBUNE, or its editor, on the occasion of his return to the paper, but as its publication is a matter of business, and it will ever be insisted that it pays to advertise, pleasant paragraphs will occasionally be quoted. A gentleman to whom application for an extension on one of the pressing claims against THE TRIBUNE was made, replied: "Certainly, and I congratulate Bismarck on your return to THE TRIBUNE." In just one case this spirit was found wanting, in our efforts to adjust the affairs of the late publishers.

## Personal.

Russ Marshall has gone to the Hills on business. Governor and Mrs. Howard have returned to Yankton.

Father Chrysostom will hold service at Jamestown tomorrow.

John L. Taylor, of Yankton, arrived on the Nellie Peck.

C. J. Clark, ex-city clerk, is very sick with consumption.

Ex-President Wright of the N. P. goes to Europe for his health.

C. N. Daniels, of Faribault, has formed a law partnership at Fargo.

Jno. H. Camp of St. Paul passed the rounds Wednesday and Thursday.

Isaac Macnair of Minneapolis visited Bismarck and Mandan the past week.

Gen. Buell of Fort Custer with family is in Washington, the first time in five years.

Joe Harper an old stage driver of Bozeman, Montana, took the N. P. east on Monday.

A brother of the murdered Brooks is in the city, looking after the effects of the deceased.

Calamity Jane has sold a quartz claim in the Hills for \$16,000 and will open a ranch at Fort Pierre.

S. C. Walker, the head of the firm of Walker, Belows & Co., has been out on the extension of the week.

Louisa Scheimann and Gussie Williams were married Thursday; the Opera House orchestra gave them a serenade.

Capt. Godfrey of the 7th Cavalry has been ordered to report for duty at the West Point Military Academy, Aug. 28.

P. Seims of the Stage Company is back from his two months trip south. He lounged in the orange groves of Florida.

L. M. Reid of the gas fitting establishment of Cauvet & Reid, Minneapolis, is at the Sheridan looking over his job in that house.

W. S. Bay, editor of the Yankton Press and Dakotaian, and wife, are passengers on the Dakota, due to-day, enroute for Fort Benton.

Lient. W. P. Rogers brought through from Fort Totten to Standing Rock, the band and Headquarters of the Seventeenth Infantry.

Gen. T. L. Rosser went to Minneapolis Friday morning. Mrs. Rosser will occupy Col. Polar's quarters at Fort Lincoln during the summer.

Col. Baker will get his promotion to Major. The Senate determined to confirm all the army promotions, between three and four hundred.

Capt. Reino is now mentioned in connection with a cracker factory at Yankton, but Yankton people will find more talk than crackers in Capt. Reino's make up.

Col. Geor. H. Johnstone of Detroit, Minn., was in the city this week and established an agency for the sale of the celebrated North Pacific flour manufactured at Detroit, Minn.

Tom Jones got away with Deckert in a ten dollar foot race. It takes a clipper to beat Deckert, and they will try it over again next week. Friday's ready up on the next race.

L. B. Partridge, insurance agent, who was represented here last fall by Mr. Winters, has skipped defaulting to the extent of several thousand dollars squandered insurance funds.

Bishop Clarkson will visit Bismarck on the 15th. Construction must then be provided for or Bismarck loses the contribution of one thousand dollars so generously offered by the Bishop.

Gen. Miles and party went up on the steamer General Sherman hooked for Fort Keogh. Mr. Hubbard of Miles City and young Garlock late of the law office of Biglow, Flandrau & Clark, St. Paul, were in the party. Mr. G. will open a law office at Miles.

Major Henry M. Lazelle, First Infantry, who has been paid the compliment by Gen. Sherman of being selected as commandant of cadets to relieve Lieut. Col. Neill, Sixth Cavalry, is the author of the work entitled "One Law in Nature."

The gallant young Lieutenant Fred Kiesling, who for two years past has had charge of the scouts at Standing Rock, left for Fort Keogh on Monday with his blushing bride, nee Miss Fannie Bullock, a sister of his former wife and of Seth Bullock of Deadwood.

Mrs. Ansley Gray's case of assault and battery against Mrs. McBride, terminated in a verdict of "not guilty." James would not be so ungracious as to kick a lady on the arm, as alleged in the complaint. He kicked a bucket which accidentally rolled against Mrs. Gray he alleges.

Mrs. Russ Marshall is visiting her old home in Pennsylvania, and Russ will take advantage of her absence to make a trip to the Hills to look after valuable interests there including a large portion of the Custer House block which now rents for nearly one thousand dollars a month.

Mr. Chalmers Jr. of firm of Frazer & O'hallors, Chicago, passed up on the fast running steamer Butte. He goes into Montana to superintend the delivery of a twenty stamp mill at the Penobscot mine. He says the river route will get some ore from that mine. There is a ten stamp mill already at work on this bonanza.

J. R. Miner, contractor on the Keogh mail line in the city looking after the interests of his line, and he has determined not to accept the resignation of Mr. Foster V. Foilett, but to give him the necessary assistance in men and money to make the contract a paying one and to assure compliance with its terms.

A. B. Guptil, of the firm of Hadley, Back & Guptil, contractors for wood and hay at Forts Stevenson, Bennett, Custer and Shaw, passed up the river on Tuesday to look after the interests of the firm in connection with their Montana contracts. Mr. Guptil is a Fargo Attorney, who in addition to his big stock of energy and intelligence, is developing first class abilities as a lawyer and as a business man has few equals.

Gov. Austin has assumed the duties of Register of the U. S. Land Office at Fargo. No man is better qualified for the position, while he is so correct in his business habits and in his moral character that no man can justly lay aught that is discreditable to his charge. His clear judicial mind and

unquestioned integrity will be found of immense value to the settlers in the Red River country, for if Governor Austin ever errs it will be on the side of the right.

Stanley Huntley, late editor of the Bismarck Tribune, has accepted a commission from the Chicago Tribune, to visit and interview in the old man's tepee—Sitting Bull, and with that purpose in view he has severed his connection with the Tribune and taken passage on the Red Cloud accompanied by Col. McLeod of the Canadian Mounted Police, on his way to Woody Mountain where he will be furnished an escort to enable him to carry out his purpose. This is an important commission and no man would fill it better than Mr. Huntley.

About two weeks ago a special mail pouch arrived at the Bismarck post office, and a careful inspection of its contents showed the following, all for Mr. Hoard, a prominent citizen of Waukon, Wisconsin, who was enroute his way west to grow up with the country. The first parcel proved to be an old hat accompanied by samples of the "hair of the family;" the next another old hat with cheese and bologna; the next some more old hats with chestnuts and other things for dessert; then came letters from those near and dear, postal card advice from business associates. Some more old hats and a shingle and other things too numerous to mention. Just as all were carefully inventoried for advertising came Mr. Hoard, who immediately deposited his precious cargo and proceeded to a cigar store and smoked and enjoyed the joke played on him by his townsmen. Mr. Hoard is a live badger and undoubtedly deservedly popular, and he and his friends have already made numerous friends at Bismarck and Mandan.

## River News.

### ARRIVALS.

Rosebud, Fort Keogh

Benton, Fort Benton

Yellowstone, St. Louis

Western, Yankton

Butte, Fort Benton

N. C. Peck, Sioux City

McCloud, Fort Benton

C. K. Peck,

### DEPARTURES.

Rose Bud, Fort Benton

Far West, Fort Benton

Western, Fort Custer

**TYRAWLEY.**

A large party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the northwest corner of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation lingers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are, and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket and dress himself.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and cannot be more than two-and-thirty.

There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls, who hover between the two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one color than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favor of that they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton, with gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after, for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are. The fact is, that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, 'not clever enough to hide it.'

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her friends, that she didn't believe he ever had done or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual, but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century.

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country-houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking glass.

'Pleasant, by Jove!' he soliloquized. 'I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are; never mind I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night!' as a flash of lightning illuminated the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. The wind must be about nor-nor-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up! what a nuisance! 'Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window.'

Before starting on his expedition, he changed the remainder of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near that he found it unnecessary; as, springing to it, he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across the country, 'like a bird,' to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a dash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

'Is there no way of opening communication with her?' he asked of an old coast-guard man.

'Why, ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets, but she must break up before they come.'

'How far is it to Bilford?'

'Better than seven miles, your honor.'

'If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew.'

'Every one of them, your honor; but it ain't possible.'

'I think a man might swim out.'

'The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff.'

'What depth of water below?'

'The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathoms, at least.'

'The deeper the better. What distance to the water?'

'Good fifty feet.'

'Well, I have dived off the main yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?'

'As much as you like.'

'Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough, I'd draw upon it.'

'You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as swimming every bit.'

'Well, we shall see. There's no time to lose; lend me a knife.'

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots and pea-jacket; and then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chaf him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. 'You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?'

'I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times.'

'I never knew a white man that could do that.'

Tyrawley smiled. 'But whatever you do,' he said, 'mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket and dress himself.'

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outward; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full-five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its center. The water dashes against the cliffs, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hauled from the water. 'Ship, ahoy!' shouts a loud, clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. 'Throw me a rope or a buoy!' The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mast-mast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

'Come on board, sir?' he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board: then a second, and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a lady passenger. While the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her upon his left arm, steadies himself with the right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, and no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear five minutes more and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to ascertain what was going on.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain anything like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and although almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless, between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question: 'Who is it who swam to the vessel?' Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

'I scarcely saw him,' said the captain, 'but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard.'

'Was he a gentleman?' asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

'Well, d'ye see, miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but if he isn't, he'd make a good one—that I'll go bair for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay! now I think of it he, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he pulled his forelock, half-laughing like, and said, "Come on board, sir," to me, when we pulled him up.'

At this moment—half-past ten A.M.—Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast room.

'Now here's a gentleman, captain, Mr.

Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never did anything to equal the affair last night.'

'You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?' inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

'Five minutes more, sir,' said Davy Jones' locker would have helped them all. Begging your pardon, miss,' apologizing to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast. So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her receipt, but took a third egg.

'Well, Mr. Tyrawley,' said she at last, 'what do you think of the man who swam to the wreck?'

'Why, I think, Miss Baynton—I think,' said he hesitating, 'that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold.'

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foot under the table.

Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking, the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak—and there are some voices which a woman never forgets—and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you?'

Tyrawley rose, as in duty bound, saying, 'Do not speak of it. I did not know when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you.'

But the astonishment of the captain was beautiful to behold.

'Why, you don't mean to say,—Well, I never—dash my wig,—well I'm—Here, shake hands, sir, will you?' And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his seemed to do more to convince him of his identity than the lady's recognition of their preserver.

The day was wet as the preceding. Half an hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and, by the singular coincidence which favors levers or historians, she sat alone.

Now Constance had decided that she would compliment Mr. Tyrawley on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet cold, formal, appropriate form of words, in which she would give her views expression. And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said, 'Oh, Mr. Tyrawley!' and burst into tears.

If a woman's pride is a shield to thee, oh man, as well as to her, against the arrows of love, remember that if ever she throws it away—after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value—you are both left utterly defenceless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this month. And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, at some future time, achieve a reputation which no mystery can cloud, it will not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault.

**A Poetic Bilk.**

He walked up to the bar and called for a cigar. The man in attendance laid out a box, from which he selected one, put it into his mouth, and laid down five cents. He was about to light it, when the bartender leaned over and said:

'Five cents, please.'

'I just gave you five cents.'

'I know you did,' went on the other, 'but that is a ten-center.'

The young man felt through his clothes, but he couldn't find any more money.

'I think you'll have to put that on the slate.'

'We keep none, sir,' responded the bartender.

'Well, now, you can bet I'm square, and as I haven't money enough to pay you in full, I'll just cut this cigar in halves.' He took out a knife and cut the cigar in the middle, at the same time offering one to the man behind the bar.

'There's your other five cents.'

'That ain't business; I want money.'

'You do want money?' queried the other with emphasis.

'Yes, I do.'

'Do you want money more than anything else in the world?'

'I do; it's all I work for.'

'Would you be willing to work very very hard?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, I know where they want several men to whom they will give a commission of 25 per cent.'

The bartender had by this time forgotten all about the unpaid for cigar.

'Do you think you could get me a chance,' he said.

'Do I think so? Of course I do! I know it. My uncle is the proprietor.'

'Have another cigar.'

The cigar was promptly accepted and lit, after which the bartender went on:

'What are you going to drink?'

'Give me a beer.'

He swallowed the beer pretty quickly. After he laid the glass down he remarked that he felt rather chilled; that the beer was a little cooler than he at first anticipated it would be.

'Won't you take something to warm you up? Now, how would a hot whisky go?'

'First rate; let's have one.'

He swallowed it, wiped his mouth, and went on:

'Now about this business. I believe they guarantee you something like \$10 per day, and you have to put in no capi-

tal except your time and brains. It's nice easy work; all you have to do is to walk into a parlor, ask to see the lady of the house, and tell her you would like her to buy from you the History of Patagonia, in seven volumes, at \$10 per volume. Then you get one quarter—\$17.50. Isn't that good pay for ten minutes' talking?'

The bartender didn't reply, but made a bee-line for the man who duped him. The latter dodged the well-meant kick of his pursuer, which almost took the knob off the door.

A gentleman addresses another gentleman, whom he doesn't know, at a party: 'This affair is awfully stupid; let's go out and take a drink.' 'I would like to do it,' was the reply, 'but I can't leave very well.' 'Why not?' 'Why, you see, I am the one who is giving the party.'

A new indoor garment is of India silk, forming a blouse above the belt-lines, and a tight basque below it. It fits closely on the shoulders, and is trimmed with cascades of Breton lace.

## DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder



## Special Flavoring Extracts

Eminent Chemists and Physicians certify that these goods are free from adulteration, richer, more effective, produce better results than any others, and that they use them in their own families.

**DR. PRICE'S** Unique Perfumes are the Gems of all Odors. Toothene, an exquisite Liquid Dentrifrice.

USE STEELE & PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST GEMS.

**WAS IT MAGNETISM.**

It has been asserted that Dan Vernon was the boldest most cruel bushwhacker in Virginia during the war. When Sherman entered the Shenandoah Valley, some of our foragers ransacked the house occupied by Mrs. Vernon, others stole all the poultry and live stock, and when the third set came along there was a tragedy. Dan was in the Confederate ranks up the valley, and his wife and four children were left in a bad situation. They had no food in the house when hungry foragers demanded a meal, and not a living thing had been left on the farm. The woman, despairing and desperate, made a fierce personal attack on the men who had entered her house, and in the struggle a gun was discharged and the heavy ounce ball killed two of her children, as they clung to her skirts. The foragers were no better than thieves in this instance and had the official attempt to discover their identity been successful, they would have received just punishment. Acts that should forever curse the perpetrators, were often committed by foragers, unknown to the officers in authority, and this was one of them.

The woman left the murdered children on the floor and fled with the others up the valley, and her footsteps had scarcely grown cold when the avenger of her wrongs appeared and demanded blood for blood—and more. Dan Vernon was permitted to leave the ranks to become a destroying angel. The children were buried under a cherry tree in the yard by our men, but no hand wiped up the dark and terrible blood stains on the farm-house floor. The husband and father, panting for vengeance, crept into the deserted house three nights after the burial, and dipping his fingers into the undried blood, he swore to rest not, but to kill and destroy as long as life was in him.

I do not know what Dan Vernon was when he left his home to become a Confederate soldier, but I do know that when he returned to it as an avenger he had no more mercy in his heart than a tiger. We heard from him at once. A scouting party riding up the valley lost its captain and two men by successive shots from a Henry rifle, and who fired them escaped through the woods. That night a vidette was struck from his horse and his throat cut. Next day a teamster was killed. In one week's time Dan Vernon had killed thirteen men. He left no wounded behind him. When he fired it was with a dead aim, and the victim went down with scarcely a cry from his lips.

A refugee who came in, gave us such details of Dan as we did not know, and when it was known that he was bushwhacking, our advance scouts were detailed to hunt him down. They pursued him in vain. Knowing every acre of ground in the valley, he not only eluded pursuit, but many of the men pursuing him never came back to us. If their bodies were found, a bullet-hole was proof that Dan Vernon had added another victim to his list. In four weeks' time he had scored thirty-four victims, and foraging and scouting parties dreaded that one man more than a whole regiment of Early's army. He would murder a picket at one point during the night, and the next day bushwhack a troop ten miles away, and he moved with the stealth of a tiger. No man ever gave the alarm after knowing his presence.

Well, what I set out to tell was singularly escaped. Parties were while hunting him without success, though our party one day found him in our own searching. About fifty of us were the forward one day from the picket post to a new position just deserted by the enemy. Included in this new territory was a log house, supposed to be deserted, but when we came to investigate, we discovered a "Buttermilk," curled up and asleep on a rude bed in the corner. He had gone to sleep within the Confederate lines, and when he awoke the blue-coats were about and beyond him.

Who the prisoner was no one seemed to care, but it was the accepted opinion that he was no more than a private soldier, and I was detailed to guard him until he could be sent back to headquarters. The man betrayed no alarm when roused from sleep. As far as we could see, he was unarmed, and when the boys joked him on his capture he coolly replied:

"Well, it ain't nuthin' to weep over. I was gittin' purty tired of this thing, any how."

I had a fair look at the man's face, and I found something there to puzzle and startle me. One day I had picked up in the camp the daguerreotype of a man dressed in citizens' clothes. It seemed to be that of a farmer; but the face was one to be remembered. As I sat in the open door of the old house, carbine across my knees, and looked into the face of our prisoner, it came to me all at once that was his face I had seen in the picture. There was a great change in some particular; but yet I confidently inquired:

"Did you have your picture taken by \_\_\_\_\_ of Lynchburg?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Was the case of red morocco?"

"It was."

Then the picture I found in camp must have been stolen from his house by foragers and afterwards thrown away. The man looked at me as if ready to answer further questions, but I had none to put just then. I was wondering at the curious coincidence, when he sat upon his bed, looked me square in the face and said:

"I am Dan Vernon, the bushwhacker, and I killed one of your men last night before turning in here!"

"Dan Vernon!" I repeated after him.

"Yes, it is a good joke on your comrades who took me for a scrub soldier."

I was so taken by surprise that I could not utter a word. He was as cool as ice, however, and he continued:

"It would give Sheridan great joy to string me up or see me shot, but my time is not come yet. I shall be going pretty soon."

Now that was pretty cool talk, considering that I was there to guard him, and my carbine ready for a shot, with fifty comrades within hail, but he went on:

"I have my rifle under the straw, and could have shot you long ago. I didn't want to, however. I feel goodnatured this morning, and you need fear no harm."

"One cry from me will alarm the whole post," I managed to remark.

"Pooh! Let's hear you yell out once!"

Our eyes met. There was nothing malicious in his, but they put a strange spell on me. His voice, too, had a strange, tender influence, and when he asked me to toss him my canteen of water and have sack of food, I obeyed without the least hesitation. He drank from the canteen, and as he chewed away at the food he remarked:

"This is a pretty good fare for a hungry man. As I can't stay here to get it all, I shall beg the favor of carrying the rest with me."

He was looking into my eyes, and I could not force my lips to utter a word of objection.

"I hear that Sheridan has offered a reward for me, but no one will ever earn it," he said, as he drank again.

He was not fifteen feet from my carbine, and I was thinking how surely I could hit him, when our eyes met, and he said:

"No use trying! If you want to shoot me, blaze away, but I tell you you can't hit me."

We looked at each other for half a minute, and I felt my carbine slipping from my grasp to the ground outside. My fingers had no strength to hold it. Dan laughed in a dry way and said:

"Why don't you shoot?"

"You shall never leave this place alive," I said in answer, but hardly recognized my own voice.

"Pooh!" he carelessly replied, "I am ready to leave now! I shall go out of this other door there, and you will sit right where you are!"

I was looking full at him, and to save my life I couldn't move hand or foot. Each limb felt as numb as if asleep.

"Well, old boy, good bye to you," said Dan as he picked up his rifle from the straw, and in another minute he was out of sight. I was sitting there, mouth open and eyes fixed on vacancy, when a comrade came down from the picket-post, shook me by the shoulder and cried out.

"A nice man you are, fast asleep and your prisoner gone!"

Was I asleep? No! Was it a dream? No! But prisoner was gone. There was talk of a court-martial in my case, but it never occurred, as the prisoner was supposed to be some common "Johnny Reb." Had it been known that my man was the famous bushwhacker, I should have been taken out and shot for permitting him to escape. I permitted him and yet I didn't. I was as helpless as if without power or muscle. That night he crept in on a picket and stabbed him to the heart. I wonder if the poor victim first saw those strange, wild, magnetic eyes glaring into his to deprive him even of his power to ask for mercy.

**POLLY WOGG.**

Within a dell With piercing shriek  
Where cowslips dwell The maiden weep  
A lovelorn frog Leaped from her log  
Sat on a log. Into the bog.

With sighing croak His murd'rer bore  
His love he spoke To distant shore  
For Polly Wogg, Her lover dead,  
A lady frog. With river head,

She swore that she And skinning him,  
Would faithful be— He served each limb  
And never wed All boiled on toast  
Augh else, she said. To hungry host.

And as she spoke But in that bog  
A fatal stroke Upon a log  
Kerlopped her frog Another frog  
From off his log! Loved Polly Wogg.

And such is life— Come death come strife,  
Our Polly Wogg  
Loves t'other frog!  
—St. Louis Times-Journal.

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**Sauces and Things.**  
There are many good housewives skilled in the culinary art, clever at baking, roasting, and boiling, who hesitate over the production of a sauce. Professed cooks have somehow or other shrouded sauce-making in mystery, and very generally cook-books, even the best, are sometimes vague in giving instruction in this particular branch. Without presenting any unnecessary difficulties to the learner, the fact must be stated that a sauce is just one of those things which admits of no middle course. There is no nearly right about it—it must be perfectly right. The sauce, as it has been very justly said, draws the line between good and bad cooking. It is the sauce which can make even insipid food palatable. Cooks, even the best of them, often forget, in the preparation of the dish, that when a sauce is to be served, that the thing cooked, to be relieved by a sauce, must be subservient to the sauce. As well thoroughly season the dish itself at once—it will give far less trouble than to go through a double course of seasoning. Sauces are really intended either to relieve food which is in a certain degree flavorless, or to give a relish or *haut goût* to such dishes, which, though delicate, want their taste somewhat heightened. A simple French *Bouilli* is in a certain degree *fade*, but becomes highly palatable when served with a sauce. The distinction between a gravy and a sauce is quite a wide one. By a gravy is meant the natural juices which are the products of roasting. Invariably, these gravies are best in their natural condition, without addition or admixture. When meat or poultry is too fat the oily character of the gravy is neither palatable nor wholesome.

The tongue will sometimes make the most awkward slips; it is told of a clergyman in one of the towns near Boston that he had given him to read from the pulpit an announcement that "the Bellingham praying-band" would conduct at the evening meeting; but by some strange perversity of the unruly members the congregation were astounded with the announcement that there would be a service by the "Prayingham belly-band!"

It is very easy to get rid of the melted fat either by skimming or by taking the juices of the meat as they fall in the pan, putting it aside to cool for a little while, removing the fat which congeals, and re-warming the true extract of the meat. A made gravy, as it is concocted in the United States, is, ninety-nine times in a hundred, a very unartistic preparation. Almost always, an ignorant cook will increase the quantity of gravy by pouring in warm water and dredging flour into the gravy. Even this might be passable if the cook would heat up the sauce. In serving the gravy to roasted poultry, if the livers have not been overcooked they may be mashed very smooth, and mixed with the natural juices of the birds. But in all cases, the more wholesome and best gravy is that which comes naturally from the roasted meat, deprived of its grease as before described. Melted butter is in constant use in American and English cuisines and is mostly very badly prepared. Melted butter alone, like *ghee*, may be good for Hindus, but might not save on vegetables, (and then in small quantity,) be appreciated by a more civilized taste. On boiled fish melted butter is, however, quite admissible, and is in common use in France and Holland. Simple though it seems it requires skill to know exactly when to terminate the process. The butter should be perfectly fresh, and placed in a skillet, and cooked until it begins to smoke and brown slightly. Then it should be taken off, some chopped parsley thrown into it, and a little salt, and a half teaspoonful of vinegar or the juice of half a lemon, added to it. The temperature of the melted butter is so high that if the flavoring be put in it while it is smoking the ingredients have given to them a bitter taste. Burned butter (*beurre noir*) should be used in small quantity. Possibly, it is the best sauce for a broiled mackerel or even for broiled salmon. For plain white dinner butter to be served with fish or with mutton, the following receipt is right: Take two tablespoonsfuls of sifted flour and stir it in a pint of cold water, being very sure to have it perfectly smooth, then bring it slowly to the boil, stirring all the time; add to this three eighths of a pound of the best butter, cut into small pieces, stirring all the time; add a half teaspoonful of salt at the end of the process; chopped parsley may be added for fish, or capers for mutton. The plain sauce wants watching and constant stirring otherwise it becomes a gummy mess. Additional richness may be given to this sauce by adding the yolks of an egg to it, when the egg must be put in at the beginning of the process. This same sauce, used as a foundation, will do for puddings, when sweetened, with the addition of a little wine at the end of the cooking. For regular sauces, such as *Bechamel* or *Maitre d'Hotel*, stock and foundation is necessary. In most cases Liebig's extract of meat answers all purposes. If this is not obtainable, a small piece of lean veal and of ham, as indicated in a prior receipt in the making of a *sole à la Normande* will do. Here is the ordinary receipt for a *Bechamel* sauce: Half a pound of veal, a slice of lean ham cut into small pieces, and stewed with an onion, a carrot, and a bouquet of herbs in butter; add a very little flour, a pint of milk, and boil gently for an hour; strain then as clear as possible, and reduce in quantity by boiling; it should always simmer and hardly boil; this is the stock; add a few mushrooms, cut in small pieces. In all sauces—there is no exception to the rule—overcooking should be avoided; sauces are decidedly better when made in a water bath, for this reason, because the temperature cannot be raised over 212°. The quality of *bechamel* may be increased by using cream instead of milk. A sauce Robert may be made from the stock, less mushrooms, by adding a teaspoonful of mustard, a tablespoonful of vinegar, in which a little tarragon has been added, and the juice of half a lemon; with the same stock an addition of celery can be made, which is excellent for boiled fowls. A sauce piquante is readily made with the same stock, adding a half teaspoonful of white pepper, and a wineglassful of vinegar and a little thyme. An infinite variety of sauce may be made, providing the stock is on hand. It must however, be remembered that a good sauce is the reward of constant vigilance, and that there is a happy moment which must be seized, to end the process, which exactitude is only to be acquired by practice. There is no "peup Utica" of sauces, any body with the least gastronomic taste can improvise them. All that is required is that a sauce should be even, homogeneous, and, except in sauces piquante, that the flavors should never be violent, but be happily blended. A sauce tartar is really nothing else than a mayonnaise, and made with lemon-juice, mustard, cayenne, and some onion. Here is a good receipt for it: Chop up half an onion as fine as possible, and add to it a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Take the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of Durham mustard, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a half a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper. Rub these all perfectly smooth. Then add two table-spoonfuls of oil and the juice of three lemons. Tartar sauce being very hot, is good only for very rich food, such as fried eggs and pork chops. Mint sauce is a relic of the earliest English cookery, and about this time of the year, when mint is fresh, is excellent. Dissolve in not too sharp vinegar two table-spoonfuls of white sugar. Chop enough mint to fill a table-spoon, and mix it. It may be used either hot or cold, but it is much better hot.

The tongue will sometimes make the most awkward slips; it is told of a clergyman in one of the towns near Boston that he had given him to read from the pulpit an announcement that "the Bellingham praying-band" would conduct at the evening meeting; but by some strange perversity of the unruly members the congregation were astounded with the announcement that there would be a service by the "Prayingham belly-band!"

Wm. Allen alias Storey, of St. Louis, who eloped with Jennie Atchley, wife of a farmer of Batavia, Ohio, a few days since, was captured in Cincinnati and placed in jail at Batavia. At an early hour the morning of May 22, a mob entered the jail, seized Storey, placed a rope around his neck and hung him on one of the timbers of the bridge. After hanging a few moments the rope broke, and Storey dropped into the river, succeeded in gaining the shore, when he was taken to a hotel where he now lies in bed in a bruised condition.

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Portrait and Landscape  
**Photographer,**  
Moorhead, Minn.  
Publisher of  
**Black Hills and Northern Pacific  
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Orders for the City Hack left at the office on  
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Use the best of stock in all custom work.

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## The Bismarck Tribune.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.50  
" Six Months, 1.50  
" Three Months, .75

ADVERTISING RATES:  
Transient—Display, One inch, one time \$1;  
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Professional cards, four lines or less, per an-

num, \$10; additional lines, \$2.50.

Local business notices, 10 cents per line each

insertion.

Original poetry, \$1 per line.

All bills for Advertising will be collected

monthly.

BISMARCK, SATURDAY, MAY 31. 1879.

### "THE TRIBUNE."

THE TRIBUNE has passed into the hands of its original founder, Mr. Lounsberry, who this week assumes editorial and business control. Of course under his management it will be Republican, and in view of the shape politics are now taking, one of the stalwart sort.

That same devotion to Bismarck and its interests which characterized THE TRIBUNE under him, will again be recognized.

Without caring to criticise the late management, except to say that they made a lively, readable and good looking newspaper, the new management does promise to labor to make the change acceptable.

### BUSINESS.

Pressing business engagements made a change in the management of THE TRIBUNE necessary. Mr. Lounsberry purchases it subject to all of the leins and demands against it on account of the purchase by Messrs. Huntley & Jewell, together with other secured obligations. He leases to Mr. Jewell, one of the late partners, the job office, Mr. Jewell agreeing to pay all of the unsecured demands against the late firm.

Both the retiring and incoming proprietors have been careful to protect, so far as protection could be extended, all to whom THE TRIBUNE was justly indebted. The new management will fill all unexpired contracts, including, of course, unexpired subscriptions.

Mr. Jewell has exclusive charge of the job department of THE TRIBUNE, and will collect all demands on accounts of job work, and all growing out of advertising or job work during the time Messrs. Huntley & Jewell owned the office, but all accounts for subscription must be paid to the new management.

Asking the indulgence needed of all who have claims against the concern, our best efforts to treat all justly are promised.

From this time forward there will be business in the management of THE TRIBUNE. Transient bills will be presented weekly and contract advertising will be collected monthly. With the same liberal support heretofore extended THE TRIBUNE, accompanied by prompt payment of its demands, the concern will never be embarrassed financially.

### NORTH PACIFIC MANAGEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Northern Pacific in New York, on the 28th, Hon. Frederick Billings, of Woodstock, Vermont, was elected President, vice Chas. B. Wright, of Philadelphia, resigned. Mr. Wright has almost lost his eyesight and his resignation was a physical necessity. For some time he has been unable to give much attention to the management of the road. All his letter writing was done by a secretary. Mr. Wright's financial ability brought the road from the date of the reorganization up to its present fine condition. Two years ago the bonds were selling for twenty cents; now they are above sixty; the preferred stock was then going for twelve cents and now it is forty-five; the common stock was quoted at one and a half and now it is twelve. And the advance is continuing. Mr. Wright retires when the N. P. is booming. He was the man for the time.

Mr. Billings, the new president, comes forward when his brains, wealth and confidence in the grand northern highway to the Pacific will all be needed and tested. He is the Vanderbilt of the Northern Pacific Directory, and his policy will be of the progressive kind. He will be master of the management, and will push on to the Yellowstone with an earnestness and pace that will surprise the croakers.

When he reaches the Yellowstone he will show his associates the way, clear, for a speedy construction of the division to Bozeman and then the palmy days of the N. P. will dawn.

Mr. Billings succeeds to the Presidency by virtue of his eminent fitness and his ownership of seven millions of common and preferred stock. The former votes as

often as the latter. He is the largest stock holder in the road.

Mr. Billings was the first lawyer in San Francisco and his first fee (\$2,500) was earned in an admiralty case. He built upon that fee a fortune, and retired to his native health in Vermont. He became interested in the N. P. and is now at its head. His landed interests between Bismarck and Fargo foot up thirty thousand acres. He is exchanging it, however, for stock and concentrating his strength. He has a fine tract near Bismarck, which he will improve, and his election will naturally create a most favorable impression among our people.

Mr. Billings and Vice President Stark will be in Bismarck about the 10th of June. They will inspect the extension and Mr. Stark will go through to the Yellowstone.

### INSURANCE.

The question of insurance is becoming an important one. Six per cent. is a high rate on the large stocks, now being carried by Bismarck merchants, and the question arises, cannot some plan be adopted for reducing that rate?

A brick wall could be run through the center of each of the three blocks at a cost of about \$700 for each. A vacant space between the Western and Bailey's is all that saved the lower half of that block two years ago, but now even that protection does not exist, and should a fire break out in either of the blocks, and pass beyond the control of our excellent fire department, there would be no let up until the entré block was consumed.

The cost of this wall is comparatively little when compared with the protection it would afford not to speak of the large reduction in insurance rates which it would bring.

Two or three cisterns should also be constructed at the public expense and for public use. And all who can should put in private cisterns. Though water costs every family a large sum of money annually, there are but few cisterns in the city where there ought to be a hundred or more.

Why not build these walls which can be used for building walls when needed for that purpose? Why not put in cisterns? Both will pay.

It is probable that the Dakota Southern Railroad will be extended some distance up the valley of the James river this season. The route is now being surveyed.

Postmaster Grant, of Fargo, has received his new post office outfit from Stamford, Conn. Grant's will be the boss post office on the N. P.

THE Fargo Semi-Weekly Republican has been enlarged to a seven column. It is a credit to Fargo and the North Pacific.

Plans for the new buildings for department headquarters at Fort Snelling, have been forwarded to the Secretary of War.

An 800 bushel cargo of wheat, owned by Robert Ray, was sunk on the Red River, last week.

The U. S. term of the district court will be held at Fargo next week. Commencing June 3d.

Six tons of printing material was shipped from Chicago a few days ago for the Benton Record.

Stutsman County, Dakota, is about building a new court house and jail.

Klaus' big hotel, at Jamestown, will be opened for business June 15th.

Tramps at Faro Bank.

Bismarck, Dakota, has a character in Dennis Hannan, sometimes known as "Eccentric Denny." Denny loves the game of faro with as much devotion as the tenderest hearted woman could bestow upon the most gallant of the opposite sex. He lives to "buck" faro, and on the excitement the game affords, he lives. It matters not to him, however, whether he loses or wins, for in the bank of honor he has an account that always protects his checks.

Just now he has a "kink" in his hair, he calls it, but his "eccentric" is in unusually good order. For some cause he was ruled out of the game a night or two ago, and believing it was because the value of his check was questioned, he hunted up the cashier of one of our city banks, though late at night, long after banking hours, and drew several hundred dollars, with which he staked every tramp that could be found, refusing to share in the winnings, being happy so long as the game went on. Many hearts were light that night, but none more so than "Old Eccentric Denny." It was a feast (for him) never before excelled, not even on that memorable occasion when the blind and the blind were gathered from the byways and hedges and forced to attend the marriage feast.

But faro is not all that Denny's heart delights in. He walks, and offers to bet from \$500 to \$10,000 that he can walk one hundred miles in thirty-one hours, and will commence the job on fifteen minutes notice.

Church Enterprise.

In taking his departure last week the late editor of THE TRIBUNE remarked

that it would hereafter be run as a religious organ—or words to that effect. THE TRIBUNE does wish to call attention to the church construction enterprise which Rev. Mr. Miller, of the Episcopal church now has in hand. Of the two thousand dollars to be raised only seven hundred remains to be provided. The finest ground in the entire city has been secured—a full block, and there is no reason why the work should not be pushed to completion. Let all friends of Bismarck help to some extent:

### STIMPSON'S.

Fresh Fruit, Books, Stationery, Papers, Etc.

Stimpson is outdoing himself, even, this summer, in his desperate effort to keep the market fully supplied with green fruit, choice confectionery, and so forth. The best in the market can always be found at his establishment. He carries California fruit of every sort in their season. Strawberries and other domestic fruits, together with birds and flowers, books, stationery, notions, etc. The stock carried is very large indeed, exceedingly well selected and well displayed, and few pass without peeping in to sample his goods and prices. A full line of newspapers and periodicals is also carried, together with curtains, curtain fixtures, wall papers, baby carriages, pictures and picture frames.

### Ice Cream Parlor.

C. A. Harnois served over fifty people at his ice cream parlors Tuesday night, and is ready to take care of another just such outfit this evening. It was amusing to see a country chap struggling to pass Harnois' last evening without noticing that his girl was immensely interested in the nice display of fruit in the window and the tempting dish so conspicuously advertised. He wondered when Camp Hancock would again be occupied, suggested that that smoke down the river must come from the Dakota; remarked that the park at Fort Lincoln would soon look splendid. She said she knew the ice cream was delicious, for she and Tom tried it the night before. He heard that remark, went in and both were happy.

### Northern Pacific Flour

Try It. For sale by  
1-12 MCLEAN & MACNEIL.

### Notice of Special Election.

Notice is hereby given that on the 2d Tuesday, the 10th day of June, A. D., 1879, a special election will be held in the several election precincts in and for the county of Burleigh, D. T., for the purpose of submitting to the legal voters of said county the proposition of building a court house and jail as provided by an act of the Legislative assembly of the Territory of Dakota, approved Feb. 22d, A. D., 1879, of which the following is a true copy, viz.:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, } Secretary's Office  
Territory of Dakota, }  
I. Geo. W. Hand, Secretary of the Territory of  
Dakota, do hereby certify that I have carefully  
compared the annexed copy of an Act entitled  
"An act authorizing the county of Burleigh to issue  
bonds for the purpose of building a court house  
and jail," approved February 22d, 1879,  
with the original now on file in this office, and  
that the same is a correct transcript thereof  
and of the whole thereof.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my  
hand and affixed the Great Seal of the Territory of  
Dakota, at Yankton, this 21st day of April,  
1879.

[SEAL] GEO. W. HAND  
Secretary of Dakota Territory.

AN ACT  
Authorizing the county of Burleigh to issue  
bonds for the purpose of building a court house  
and jail.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the  
Territory of Dakota:

SECTION 1.—That the County Commissioners of  
the county of Burleigh, in the Territory of Dako-  
ta, be empowered and are hereby authorized to  
issue bonds of one thousand dollars each, to the  
amount of twenty thousand dollars, payable in  
not exceeding ten years, for the purpose of build-  
ing a court house and jail, which bonds shall  
bear interest from the date thereof, payable annu-  
ally at a rate not exceeding ten per cent. per  
annum. The bonds shall specify on their face  
the date, amount, for what purpose issued, the  
time and place of payment and the interest rate.

Shall be printed on good paper, with coupons attached  
for each year's interest, and the amount of  
each year's interest shall be placed in cor-  
responding coupons, until such bonds shall become  
due, in a manner so as to have the last coupon  
fall due the same time as the bond. Said bonds and  
coupons thereto attached shall be severally  
signed by the chairman of the board of county  
commissioners and attested by the county clerk  
of said county. Said bonds and interest to be  
made payable at such place or places, as said  
county commissioners may designate in said  
bonds.

Sec. 2. Said bonds may be issued in satisfac-  
tory for the building of said court house and jail,  
or may be sold for not less than ninety cents on  
the dollar, and the amount of such sale shall be  
used in payment of the indebtedness incurred by  
the building of said court house and jail.

Sec. 3. The county commissioners of said  
county are hereby granted all the needful au-  
thority to levy taxes from time to time, not to  
exceed one per cent. on the taxable property in  
said county, in addition to the tax already al-  
lowed by law, said tax to be for the purpose of  
paying the interest on said bonds promptly when  
due, and for creating a sinking fund for paying  
the principal of said bonds when due.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the treasurer of  
said county of Burleigh to collect the tax herein  
provided for in the same manner, and to pay  
such tax when the tax thereon is delinquent, as  
in other cases are provided by law.

Sec. 5. Nothing herein contained shall be  
construed to authorize the issuing of such bonds,  
unless a majority of all the legal voters present  
and voting shall vote in favor thereof, at a special  
election of the legal voters of said county as here-  
before provided.

Sec. 6. The county commissioners of said  
county are hereby authorized and have all the  
needful power to call a special election of the legal  
voters of said Burleigh county to be held in  
the several election precincts in said county, at  
any time after the taking effect of the law, but  
shall first give notice of such election in the same  
manner as now required by law for general elec-  
tion, for the purpose of voting upon the question  
of issuing such bonds. The voting at such elec-  
tion shall be by printed or written ballot, with  
words, "For issuing court house and jail bonds,"  
and "Against issuing court house and jail bonds."  
Such election shall be governed in the  
same manner, as far as applicable, as provided  
by law for conducting general elections in this  
Territory, and the election shall be canvassed  
in the same manner as provided by law  
for canvassing votes for county officers, and if a  
majority of all the votes cast be found to be for  
issuing the bonds, such bonds may issue as here-  
in provided.

Sec. 7. This act shall take effect and be in force  
from and after its passage and approval.  
Approved Feb. 22, 1879.

Which election will be open at 9 o'clock in the  
forenoon, and will continue until 4 o'clock  
in the afternoon of the same day.

The polls of Bismarck precinct, District No. 1,  
will be held at the office of the county clerk on  
Fourth street, in the city of Bismarck, D. T., and at  
Painted Woods precinct, District No. 1, will  
be held at the house of W. H. Mercer. And at  
Apple Creek precinct, District No. 3, at the house  
of George Hay, and 17th Siding precinct, District  
No. 2, at the house of P. R. Barrett.

No. 2, at the house of P. R. Barrett.

JOHN H. RICHARDS,  
County Clerk.

## ST. PAUL BRANCH

## CLOTHING HOUSE,

Bismarck, D. T.

Special Announcement next week.

SIG HANAUER, Prop.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,  
BOOTS AND SHOES,

Fourth Street, opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order

in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the  
best of stock in all custom work. A specialty  
made of

Neat Repairing.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices. 12ml

BISMARCK, D. T.

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION JOBBERS,

Also Manufacturers of Miners' and  
Freighters' Goods,

Tents,

Wagon-covers,

Tarpaulins

Awning.

We have the best Water Proof preparation in the  
world. Send for price list.

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Third Street, next door back of Merchants Hotel.

BISMARCK, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres



**IN DEADLY PERIL.**

An English Detective's Adventure.

One of my journeys called me away to a town in Suffolk, where I was ordered to take charge of a prisoner to be discharged the next day from one of the local jails, in which he had been undergoing a year's imprisonment for a criminal assault. The man had been let out on a ticket-of-leave from the Defence hulk at Woolwich, and had speedily, as it appeared, got into trouble down in the country. As he was merely "wanted" to complete his original sentence—having broken his ticket-of-leave—there could be no bother about apprehending him inside the prison, and using such precautions for his safe keeping as seemed best to my judgment.

Just as I was about to leave the office in Bow Street, one of my comrades, with whom I was rather intimate, came in, having finished a journey such as I was myself about to set off on.

"Going out, Tom?" he asked; and on my telling him where I was bound for, he continued, "Better have this 'barker,' Tom. You may find it useful."

At the same time he produced a small pocket-pistol, which he held out for my acceptance.

"I have not got any powder," he added, "but here are some caps and bullets."

It seems needless to remark that this was before the days of revolvers and patent cartridges. We had then to load in the old fashion, and had merely got as far as the introduction of the percussion-cap. I had never before carried anything more deadly by way of protection than a life-preserver, but as my friend seemed to mean a kindness, I made no ado about accepting his offer, and having "capped" the pistol there and then, I consigned it to the side-pocket of a pilot-coat which I wore buttoned over my uniform.

My journey down to Suffolk calls for no particular notice.

In due time the railroad deposited me at my destination, and left me with ample leisure to call upon the governor of the prison over night with a view to arranging for my carrying off my charge the next morning. I asked what kind of a customer, I would have to deal with, and must confess I did not feel much encouraged by the reply.

"He is what I call a nasty customer," was the answer, "He has given us a deal of trouble while we have had charge of him, continually breaking prison rules, and more than once he has tried to commit suicide in the most determined manner by tearing open the veins in his arms with his finger-nails."

This account of matters was not, as may well be supposed, at all enlivening; and when the governor added that the man was a perfect giant, and had been "navy" before he fell into evil courses, I began to fear that my work was cut out for me. However, there was no help for it. We Bow Street runners had as tickle customers to deal with as any of your modern detectives. All I could do was to ask that the prisoner should be detained until I got over in the morning. I told the governor where I had put up, but he did not seem disposed to offer me his company for an hour or two in the evening, and to me he hardly appeared the sort of a man I could ask in an off-hand way to take a friendly glass: so my arrangements being thus far completed, I there and then left him.

The inn where I had taken up my quarters stood right opposite the jail entrance, and as the street was somewhat of the narrowest, the most complete view of all comers and goers could be commanded from the front of my temporary residence.

As my landlady knew the errand I had come on, and had a most becoming respect for the representative of the law, she kindly accommodated me with her own private parlor as a sitting-room, and a very pleasant evening I spent in the company of the intelligent daughter of the house, business leaving her mother but little time to bestow upon me. Next morning found me seated at a very comfortable breakfast, and the weather being fine, the window of the private parlor was left open, affording a perfect view of all that might take place at the prison door opposite. While I was absorbed in the good cheer before me, I was startled by an exclamation from both the landlady and her daughter, which caused me to look up and instinctively to glance across the street.

"Did you ever see such a big, coarse and clumsy looking woman?" exclaimed the younger of my entertainers.

"Or is it a woman at all?" added the mother.

My attention was at once riveted upon the new-comer, whom I could not avoid connecting with the criminal it would soon be my duty to apprehend. Without saying a word to the two ladies, I carefully and closely watched every movement of the party opposite during the remainder of my morning meal. More than once I caught myself mentally repeating my landlady's query:

"Is it a woman, after all?"

The it must be excused, as the point was so entirely doubtful. For a woman, the individual was very considerably above the average height, and her whole physique indicated far more than the average strength of womankind.

There was a swagger in her walk, too, most unlike the carriage of a female; and once during her pacing in front of the jail door she stopped to adjust a bootlace, or some such matter, in a fashion that showed an entire absence of delicacy, and at the same time showed a portion of a limb which might have done credit to an athlete in the highest state of training. I was fairly puzzled, and none the less so that I had twice noticed her ringing the prison bell, and that I knew there was but one individual to be discharged that morning, and it was close upon my time to go and look

after him. I had barely finished my last cup of coffee when one of the prison wardens came across to say that the wife of my prisoner was waiting outside, and had twice made a demand to see him; but that the governor did not care to accede to the request without first consulting me. After casting the matter over in my own mind for a minute, I told the warden that I did not mind the woman being admitted, but that the two ought to be very closely watched during the interview. The man re-entered the prison, and within a few minutes I observed that the woman was called in.

Punctilious to my time, I crossed over to the prison, and found my charge waiting for me, his wife being still with him, and no one in the room but the governor. Contrary to my expectations, the prisoner held up his wrists and submitted to be handcuffed with the most lamb-like docility.

When we got into the street I suggested, as there was time to spare, that the stalwart pair should have a bit of breakfast at my expense, before starting on the journey for town. I thought the woman seemed a little taken aback at my invitation; however, it was acceded to, and we entered the inn parlor, where I requested the landlady to produce a plentiful supply of ham and eggs; and, as the pair preferred ale to tea or coffee, I ordered them a pint apiece. I had, of course, to unlock one hand in order to allow my prisoner the free use of his knife and fork; and, after what I had heard the night before, I thought it was rather a risky thing for me to do, as though he might not attempt to do me any mischief he might try to inflict some serious mischief on himself. All, however, passed off safely, and when breakfast was finished, I told him he must bid his wife good-by, as I did not want to attract any attention at the railway station. A kiss was accordingly exchanged, the bracelets were again adjusted to his wrists, and we set off at a brisk pace.

When we got to the station, I learned that the next "up" train was an express and that I would have to look sharp, as it might be expected immediately, and made but a brief stoppage. The train, in fact, came in almost to a minute after the information was communicated to me, and I hurried across the platform, got my man into a second-class carriage—the compartment I had only just time to notice was empty. The whistle sounded, and the train was beginning to move, when the door was flung violently open, and in jumped the prisoner's wife, taking her seat right opposite me. There was but time for the porter to slam to the door when we were off. It need not be said that I was very far from being satisfied with the look of things, and that I had made up my mind to be carefully on my guard. I said nothing, being fully determined not to betray any uneasiness, though it must be owned I felt much. Before we had gone any great way, my prisoner turned sideways to me, and said:

"Master, my missus and me have some small matters of our own which we would like to talk over, and, as they don't concern you in the least, p'raps you wouldn't mind looking out o' winder for a minute or two while we have our talk."

"That I could not possibly do," was my immediate answer. "My duty is to keep you always under my eye and control; and, beside, as you have just said, your domestic arrangements can be a matter of no concern to me, so you can discuss them as freely as you please without mind my presence."

This answer seemed to disconcert both of them; but, as if by way of compromise I at the same time leaned toward the window of the carriage for a moment, and glanced outside. My hearing is sharp enough now, but at the time I speak of was even more acute. Just as I turned my head I heard, or fancied I heard the man whisper the words "Both together." Instantly the suspicion flashed across my mind that these words related to myself, and I turned round and faced the couple in a moment. What I saw in the expression of each of them seemed to warrant my acting with immediate decision. I seized the man between his manacled wrists so that he could not raise his hands. With an instinctive thought I plunged my right hand into the pocket of my pilot coat, pulled out the pistol my mate had handed to me, cocked it with my thumb, and holding it within a few inches of the face of the woman opposite, I looked steadily into her eyes and said, with emphasis, "If you attempt to stir before we reach the next station, you will certainly be a dead woman!"

It was something fearful to notice the immediate change on that woman's countenance. She became of a pallid whiteness, and her lips had the purple bluish tinge that indicates so unmistakably an excess of deadly fear. In the highly dramatic positions I have just described we sped on until the next stopping station was reached, and that occupied more than twenty minutes. The moment the train came to a stop I thus addressed the woman, keeping her "covered" with the muzzle of my pistol: "Leave the carriage; and, if you value your liberty, make what you can to get into hiding."

She disappeared instantaneously, and I felt a heavy load of anxiety lifted off my mind as she left us, for all the encounters I most hate, an encounter with a woman is so classed foremost. From the moment I saw the change in her face, indicative of such intense fear, I knew I was master of the situation; but still I was glad to be rid of all further risk of a struggle. Not a word passed between my prisoner and me during the remainder of the journey to London, which we were no great while in reaching, and where I duly delivered him into safe keeping at the Bow Street police office.

Next morning I had to conduct my prisoner to Woolwich, there to deliver him to the authorities of the hulks, from whom he had obtained his ticket-of-leave. He seemed to have recovered from his

scare of the day before, and on our journey spoke freely enough, and with an earnestness that left no doubt of the truth of his communication.

"Master," said he, "I am main glad you kept your head yesterday, and did not lean out o' the winder. Had you done so, missus and I meant to have pitched you out, and taken our chances after getting off."

"I was not very likely to be so easily put off my guard," was my laconic answer.

"Ay, but, master, your danger was not over then; for missus and I had made up that she was to pin your arms—and she could a done it easy—while I was to smash your head with the 'darbies.' We should then took the key, got off the bracelets, and heaved you out a winder before you could come to yourself. That pistol fairly put us out, for it cowed missus, and she isn't easily cowed, I tell ye."

"But the pistol was not loaded," said I—"nothing but a cap and an empty barrel."

"All the same, master, I'm glad we failed. Now I've thought it over, I know I could not have escaped. It was known I was left in your charge, and that missus joined us. When your body was found, we'd a been spotted at once, and most likely both on us would a swung for it. I'm main glad, I tell you, that you got out o' the mess, and I don't bear you no ill-will for having 'done your dooty as a man and a officer."

Never before to my knowledge, had I been in such deadly peril, and truly thankful did I inwardly feel for the providential escape I learned I had just made. I was glad to give my murderous-minded charge over to the care of the officers of the Defence; and I am thankful to add that I never heard more of him, or wished to do so.

**LOST AND FOUND.**

A Very Curious Instance of Recovery of Lost Property.

My father was a brewer in a very large way of business in Newport, Isle of Wight, and of course a man particularly well known in that small country town. The events now related happened soon after the old French war, and long before the establishment of railways, money-orders, post-offices, the telegraph, and other modern conveniences. Communication by mail was then under very heavy postage, and all communications and packages of above a certain weight had to be sent as "parcels" by the coaches. Hence bankers, goldsmiths and others who were in the habit of sending valuable packages, when they could not find a responsible person willing to take charge of such articles, sent such parcels by private hands in the luggage of passengers, rather than go to the expense of carriage and run the risk of loss by the guard.

My father had repeatedly carried bankers' parcels containing large sums from Newport to London, and brought back similar parcels in return; but fearing any further responsibility, he at length declined all such future commissions except those from his own bankers, and those he could not well refuse. His business called him a good deal to London, and, as he was methodical and orderly, he got his full address engraved on a heavy brass plate, which was firmly riveted to the end of his black leather portmanteau.

This was in the days of Bank of England one-pound notes and other paper money, and these securities answered instead of specie with the country banks, so that there was a constant passage and exchange of money-parcels between the country banks and their London agencies. On the occasion in question, a money parcel had been duly taken to London and delivered, and the recipients inquired when the party (my father) was to return in order that they might remit the usual reply-parcel. The answer was that his stay was uncertain, and he begged that the bankers would, if possible, find another messenger. But just as my father had all his luggage packed except the black leather portmanteau, a clerk arrived from the banking-house with an ominously large parcel, whose square folding of strong paper and well-sealed string-bands conveyed the unpleasant idea that it was one of more than ordinary value. At first the parcel was altogether declined; and it was not until the clerk had assured the intended carrier that it had already been advised to the Newport bankers as sent by him, that it was accepted, and thrust into the portmanteau.

The warehouseman made a small charge, said he did not know how the trunk came there, but he was glad to be rid of it; and the captain carried it off, and in due time arrived at its proper destination as described.

"Now," said my father to the senior partner, "take this key and open the trunk. I do not know whether the parcel is there or not; all I know is that I put it there, but under protest at the time."

The portmanteau was opened, and the parcel found with all its seals intact. The captain was dismissed for the night with a charge to call at the bank the next day; and my father returned to his bed the happiest man in the world.

The next day, in purely self-defence, the story had to be told all around the town, so as to silence the gossips. The coach was delayed, the coachman and guard remonstrating loudly, and my father was finally hurried into the inside of the coach, having in the first place desired the "boots" of the inn to deposit the portmanteau in the boot of the coach, which being under the feet of the coachman, was considered the safest place.

The coach arrived at Portsmouth, whence the sailing packets transferred the passengers to the Isle of Wight across the Solent. There were at that time no steamboats, and when the wind and tide were contrary, the passage, although only five miles, often took from two to three hours to accomplish. Great, indeed, was the dismay when, on unloading the coach, the black leather portmanteau could not be found. The coachman and guard were strictly interrogated, but to no purpose. All that could be ascertained with certainty from the coachman and box-seat passenger—both of whom were beyond suspicion—was that either one or other of them had had their feet on the cover of the boot the whole night, and that no single article had been removed, nor had the boot been once opened.

Clearly, then, the only thing to be done was to write to the London bankers and to the inn-keeper, with a strict charge to find out from the "boots" what had been done with the portmanteau, and to await events. On examination, the "boots" declared that he had put the gentleman's

portmanteau into the coach as he had done many times before, and that he had at the same time attended to the rest of the luggage. The reply of the London bankers was that every inquiry possible had been made without discovery, and that the parcel contained ten thousand pounds of Bank of England notes, payment of which they had stopped.

This was a pleasant story to go to the country with, and as it was not a very large concern, the loss (should loss occur) would be almost trifling. My father met the partners and stated the facts. Some proposed advertising; but as the name and address in full was on the portmanteau and the owner was so well known as a public man, it was thought best to wait and see what might turn up; all parties acquainted with the facts being strictly charged in the meantime to keep the matter absolutely a secret, and that nothing whatever should be said outside. In spite of all this, my father felt that he was in a most disagreeable position, especially when the rumor went round every gossiping tea-table in the town that Mr. —— had been entrusted with a parcel containing ten thousand pounds, which, not being accountable for, he had made way with.

Things went on in this way for some weeks, when one night, after all had retired, my father was startled by a violent knocking at the front door; and, on his opening his bedroom window, which was almost directly above the door, and hallooing the intruder, he was answered by the welcome shout: "Is that you, Mr. ——? and have you lost a portmanteau? I have one here in my hand with your name on it; and as the tide will only serve half an hour longer, and my vessel must soon be under weigh, I ventured to knock you up."

"Have you any one with you?" inquired my father.

"Yes," replied the man, who was the master of a coasting schooner; "my cabin boy."

"Well, tell him," said my father, "to go back to the schooner, and let the hands take her down to the river for you at Cowes. You shall join her to-morrow. Meantime, I will pay all charges."

"Very well," said the captain. "Come down and take in the portmanteau, and I will see you in the morning."

"No; that will not do at all," was the reply.

"You must come with me at once and don't let that portmanteau out of your hand for a minute, it is of more value than you think; and I will be down directly."

He dressed and came down, and took the captain and his load away to the banker's house; knocked up all hands, and sent out for the other partners, before he would allow a word of explanation to be said. When all were assembled:

"Now," said my father to the captain, "tell these gentlemen just how you became possessed of the portmanteau; and by all means assure them that my hands have never touched it since it came into your possession;" which the captain at once assured them was the case.

The captain's story was, that while lying in the Thames at London waiting for a return coasting freight, he had visited all the warehouses where he was likely to find any goods for the Isle of Wight, and as he was methodical and orderly, he got his full address engraved on a heavy brass plate, which was firmly riveted to the end of his black leather portmanteau.

The captain replied that he knew both, and almost every man in the town.

"Well, then, you may know this man,

the black leather portmanteau was produced.

"O, yes," said the captain, "I know him well, and have goods for him on board the schooner. I will take charge, and pay anything there may be for warehousing."

The warehouseman made a small charge, said he did not know how the trunk came there, but he was glad to be rid of it; and the captain carried it off, and in due time arrived at its proper destination as described.

"Now," said my father to the senior partner, "take this key and open the trunk. I do not know whether the parcel is there or not; all I know is that I put it there, but under protest at the time."

The portmanteau was opened, and the parcel found with all its seals intact. The captain was dismissed for the night with a charge to call at the bank the next day; and my father returned to his bed the happiest man in the world.

The next day, in purely self-defence, the story had to be told all around the town, so as to silence the gossips. The captain called at the bank the next day, and received as a reward a sum beyond his expectations, which found the schooner a new suit of sails.

How the portmanteau came to be transferred from the boot of the coach to the warehouse was never explained, which I consider not the least curious feature of the story. No one seemed to know anything about it, nor indeed were many inquiries made.

Nevada newspapers announce that vast number of grasshopper eggs are incubating in Tierra Valley. A spadeful of soil is represented to have contained hundreds of thousands of eggs deposited in clusters. The farmers have not turned a furrow this spring, knowing that with these pests in the soil their work would be fruitless of results. Grain crops will only foster the scourge while to let the ground remain idle may starve the insects into emigrating. Fears are expressed that they may sweep down upon the fertile valleys of California, but whether they can cross mountains of such altitude as the Sierras is doubtful. It is proposed to dig trenches before they are able to fly, and driving them in, to cover them up. This plan worked successfully in Utah two years ago.

Rector—Those pigs of yours are in a fine condition, Jarvis. Jarvis—Yes, sir, they be. Ah, sur, if we wos all on us on'y as fit to die as them are, we'd do!

**BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.****BANKS.**

**MERCHANTS BANK OF BISMARCK.**  
WALTER MANN, Pres't. W. R. MERRILL, Vice Pres't.  
Geo. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier.  
Correspondents—American Exchange National  
Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

### OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumberous air,  
That drift through the valley of dreams.  
It comes from a clime where the roses were,  
And true heart and bright brown hair  
That waved in the morning beams.  
  
Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,  
And snow white forehead are there;  
A glimmering cross and a glimmering crown,  
A fibrous bed and a couch of down,  
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.  
  
A breath of spring in the breezy woods,  
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines;  
Blue violet eyes beneath green hood,  
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,  
Bird warblers and clambering vines.  
  
A rosy wreath and dimpled hand,  
A ring and a slighted vow;  
Three golden links of a broken band,  
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,  
A tear and a shamed brow.

There's a hint of grief in the beautiful song,  
That sobs on the slumberous air;  
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,  
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along  
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at dawn of day,  
And it mingled with matin chimes;  
But yeas have distanced the beautiful lay,  
And its melody flown far away,  
And we call it now Old Times.

### PHIL SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Sheridan's Famous Ride and its Marvelous Effect—Custer's Impetuous Charge.

Major W. H. Spars in the Phila. Weekly Times  
On the morning of October 17, 1864, I was ordered to report with my command, consisting of a detachment of 200 men of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry to General Sheridan, who had arrived at Martinsburg, Va., the day previous from Washington. I received orders to escort the General and several members of his staff to the front. About 9 a.m. the General, in company with Colonel Thom and Alexander and Major Forsey, left Martinsburg, arriving at Winchester about 4 p.m. Sheridan and staff stopping for the night at post head-quarters, Colonel Edwards (Thirty-seventh Massachusetts), commanding the escort, was ordered to encamp for the night at Millcreek, one mile south of Winchester, with orders to be in readiness to move at five o'clock on the following morning. Early on the morning of the 19th brisk artillery firing was heard in the direction of the front—it was reported at post headquarters by the infantry officer of the picket and was attributed to an intended reconnaissance that had been ordered for that morning. About 8 a.m. General Sheridan came riding leisurely along, inquiring of us whether we had heard firing in the direction of the front. We replied that we had, as early as 4 a.m. He replied that it was doubtless from a reconnaissance that had been ordered for that morning. The escort was formed with advance and rear guard and flankers. After moving about half a mile the head of a train was encountered whipping to the rear, as also a number of fugitives from the front—giving a different interpretation to the firing of the morning. All trains coming from and going to the front were ordered into the park at Millcreek. General Sheridan ordered me to take twenty of my best men and horses and follow him, as he intended "to move to the front lively." The remainder of the escort was ordered to report to Colonels Thom and Alexander to do "what they could in stemming the torrent of fugitives." The General then struck out at a brisk gallop toward the scene of action. At times the pike was so much crowded with troops and wagons that the General and escort were obliged to take to the fields, overfences, stone walls and ditches. He spoke to few, occasionally swinging his cap, saying "Face the other way, boys! Face the other way! You shall all be in your old camps before night." Men halted by the wayside as he passed, and on several occasions the General was cheered by groups of soldiers, who seeing the great haste with which he was going, immediately retraced their steps. A chaplain, mounted on a mule, desiring to speak to the General, beckoned him to stop. The General told him he had no time to spare, that he should face about and ride along with him if he had any thing to say. Chaplain and mule were left behind in a twinkling with the story untold.

### UNDER WHIP AND SPUR.

The race was headlong, the horses being put to their full speed, and never did General and escort go over sixteen miles in less time. Arriving on the field, the General immediately went to General Wright's head-quarters, eagerly inquiring after the situation, and received for an answer from one of his staff: "General, I fear the battle is going against us. I suppose General Early intends driving you out of the Valley." "What?" exclaimed Sheridan, "Early drive me out of the Valley? Whip three corps of my infantry and all of my cavalry!" He can't do it; I'll lick him like—before night. I'll give him the worst licking he ever had." After a short consultation with several of his staff he rode along the skirmish line. The men, seeing him, cried: "Sheridan has come!" and shout after shout went up. "Boys," said he, "This never would have happened if I could have been here. We'll get the tightest twist on them they ever saw. We'll get all those camps and cannon back." The men were wild with enthusiasm as he rode along the lines. Never before did so much seemingly depend upon one man; all seemed confident of success as soon as they heard of Sheridan's arrival, and, indeed, with him alone rested the safety of thousands of lives and the preservation of his army. He immediately began reforming his lines, transferring Custer's cavalry division to the right, Merritt's remaining on the left, and the infantry lines were re-established on Getty's line. By this time a formidable body of men stood ready to dispute the advance of a victory-flushed foe. For over two hours

there was a lull in the battle—strugglers were rapidly returning to their commands. While the lines were thus being re-established, and temporary breastworks of rails, logs, &c., thrown up, it was evident that the enemy was preparing for an attack on Sheridan's lines. Two divisions of the Sixth Corps being to the right and rear of Getty, as also part of the Nineteenth Corps, which was still further to the rear, were ordered up. Sheridan being very anxious to have these troops up before the enemy would attack Getty, started out one staff officer after another to hurry up those troops; finally he went back himself to urge them on. Soon after the enemy could be seen moving to attack from a point on Sheridan's left. Corps commanders were at once notified. The assault being principally upon that part of the line occupied by the Nineteenth Corps—it being now taken by surprise—it gallantly repulsed the enemy. "Thank God for that," said Sheridan. "Tell General Emory if they attack him again to go after them and follow them, we'll get a good twist on them, the tightest one they ever saw."

### CUSTER'S MEN DRAW SABERS.

At about 4 p.m. the order went out: "The whole line will advance. The Nineteenth Corps will move in connection with the Sixth; the right of the Nineteenth will swing toward the left." The attack was splendidly made. The enemy was protected in some portions of the line by stone fences, and made a determined resistance; but General Sheridan had formed a compact mass of men across the pike—Custer on the extreme left to harass and vex the enemy until Sheridan should create a panic with the remainder of the line. The plan, so simple in its conception, worked like a charm, and, indeed, was successful beyond all expectation. The enemy's left overlapped Sheridan's right, and, taking advantage of this, turned the overlapping portion on the flanks of the Nineteenth Corps, causing momentary confusion in Sheridan's line. This was, however, quickly righted by a counter charge of General McMillan's brigade into the angle thus formed, and the flanking party of the enemy was cut off, and now it was that the gallant Custer ordered his men to draw sabers, hurling his entire division of cavalry upon the rebel left, saberizing them without mercy and trampling them under foot. The "boy general with the golden locks" even out-Custered Custer. The Sixth Corps sprang forward as if shot from the cannon's mouth, the other corps vying in impetuosity. It seemed scarcely credible that the men who were beaten so badly in the morning were the same who charged so splendidly in the afternoon. The enemy were not idle. They opened upon the charging column with fifty pieces of artillery, shells were hurled with terrible precision into the solid mass of advancing infantry. The Federal batteries were nobly doing their duty, over the hills and up the pike the blue closely pressed the gray. Sheridan, seeing a battery favorably posted, turned to one of his aids, saying: "Ride down to Captain — and tell him to fire faster." The message was delivered and the detonations were almost without interval. Once, and once only, did our men falter, and that was when subjected to a murderous fire from behind a stone fence. A hearty cheer from the line, and the "Johnnies" were on the run, though not all of them—the ground was covered with the dead and the dying. The enemy now became a miserable rabble, throwing away their arms—any thing, to get away from their pursuers. The cavalry were occupied all night in securing the trophies of battle. The road from Cedar Creek to Fisher's hill, a distance of about three miles, was a perfect jam of ambulances, artillery, caissons and wagons. An officer of the Second Brigade, First Cavalry Division, rode up to General Sheridan's head-quarters, when the following dialogue ensued: "General, I come to ask for a brigade of infantry to hold the captured artillery, of which I believe we have at least twenty pieces." "I don't believe it. Who are you?" "Captain Britton, of the First New York Dragoon. General, d—d if I don't believe we have over forty pieces." "Captain, you shall have two brigades. Can any of my staff give this officer something to drink?" "Well, General, that would suit me bully."

Custer coming in, reporting his great success, Sheridan caught him in his arms and embraced him, and both danced around for joy. Other General officers came in, each in his turn reporting his successes, showing that the victory was complete, and what in the morning looked so dark was now turned into a splendid victory. Rations were short, the supply train twenty miles to the rear, but who cared for rations? We were not hungry. Doubtless had we been defeated we should have been afflicted with a voracious appetite. Daylight showed that the enemy's transportation and artillery was in our hands. They had left everything behind them in their flight; their dead unburied and their wounded uncared for. This battle ended campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley. The Confederate Government had lost all confidence in Lee's "bad old man." Artillery was sent to this department labeled, "General Phil Sheridan vice Jubal Early."

In excavating for the foundation of a house in the street of Geneva, Switzerland, some distance from the Rhone, a number of piles, identical with those found in lacustrine villages, have been uncovered, a circumstance which points to the conclusion that the river was once much wider than at present, extending probably to the foot of the steep hill which marked the limits of the ancient city. In the same neighborhood has also been found a sculptured slab, which appears to have formed part of the entablature of a Roman building.

## CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul

RAILWAY MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS AT ST. PAUL, WITH

### St. Paul & Pacific R. R.

FOR—

WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, MCGREGOR, MADISON,

Milwaukee, Chicago, And all Intermediate Points in Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New England, the Canadas, and all EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

2 ROUTES.—AND—

### 3 DAILY TRAINS

BETWEEN

Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

T. S. WHITE, LANE E. STONE, H. W. STONE.

White, Stone & Co., JOBBERS IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND

PAPER.

87 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Mail Orders receive prompt attention and prices guaranteed to be the lowest in the West.

MATHEWS, GOOD & SCHURMEIR,

MERCHANT TAILORS!

The Latest

AND

BEST OF STYLES.

This House has a large and complete stock of Cloth and Garments always on hand. It will be to the interest of the buyer to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

No. 82 JACKSON STREET, ST. PAUL, MINN.

MINNEAPOLIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and

Genesee Ave., two blocks from the Academy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House.

New, Elegantly furnished, and situated in the finest portion of the City.

A. V. H. CARPENTER,

S. S. MERRILL, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent

JNO. C. GAULT, Ass't Gen. Manager.

THE IMPROVED ARMOUR

Family Knitting Machine

KNITS A COMPLETE STOCKING

ANY SIZE.

Also, Double-Striped MITTENS, and a Great Variety of FANCY WORK.

Price \$40.

For to introduce our machine into all parts of the country, we have

Two Sample Machines only

in each county, for

\$19 Each.

The number will be listed, as each sale at the low price is simply to introduce the machine to the business

AGENTS wanted to run.

Order early, and secure one.

This machine was awarded First Prize in New York and Ohio State Fair last year; also at several County Fairs.

Address: ARMOUR KNOTTING-MACHINE CO., Watertown, New York.

Full instructions for operating accompany machine.

The ordering of two machines secures county franchise.

JOHN C. OSWALD,

Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS &

CIGARS.

No. 17 Washington Av., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST OF WORKMEN,

Using nothing but

FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED MACHINERY, and the

VERY BEST OF SELECTED TIMBER,

And by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the reputation

of making

"THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS!"

We give the following warranty with each wagon:

We HEREBY WARRANT the FISH BROS. WAGON No. .... to be well made in every par-

ticular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work

with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of de-

fective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash, by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

TITUS G. FISH, EDWIN B. FISH, JNO. C. HUGGINS, FISH BROS. CO.

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States.

and for Prices and Terms, and for a copy of our AGRICULTURAL PAPER to

FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

### St. Paul Business Directory.

(W. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyons.)

PERKINS, LYONS & CO.—Importers and

Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old

Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines

and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin, and London

Porter. No. 94 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and Dealers in

Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lampas,

East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.

CAMPBELL, BURHANK & CO.—Manufactur-

ers and Jobbers of Clothing and Gents' Furni-

ture Goods, No. 89 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

L. ISAACS—Manufacturer and Jobber in Cigars

Cuban, 13 Jackson Street, opposite Auerbach, Finch

& Company, St. Paul, Minn.

Metropolitan Hotel,

St. Paul, Minn.

TERMS \$3.00 PER DAY.

Army Headquarters.

T. S. WHITE, LANE E. STONE, H. W. STONE.

## Northern Pacific R. R.

### "CUSTER ROUTE"

TO THE

### BLACK HILLS.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

FROM

### St. Paul to Bismarck,

Making Close Connections at ST. PAUL with

morning Trains From CHICAGO and all Points South.

1878. Winter Arrangement. 1879.

BRAINERD AND ST. PAUL DIVISION.

# The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

## LOCAL LEVIES.

Miles City will have a drug store. It's business at the levee now-a-days. Inspector General Gibbon visited Lincoln on Tuesday.

The Sunday school picnic is postponed till next Saturday.

D. T. Bramble, wholesale grocer of Yankton, is in town.

Mr. St. Rickland, of the St. Paul Fire Marine, was in town Thursday.

Indian stories on the line of the extension are common but groundless.

The travel to Montana, this year, is noticeably larger than it was last season.

The Benton line, last week, took up 150 tons of stamp mill for the big Penobscot mine.

Capt. Logan, of Keogh, bought one of the largest retail lots of dry goods ever sold in Bismarck.

A gentleman representing 250 Scots has gone into the Yellowstone country to find an American home for them.

The oats sown on the Steele farm near 17th Siding are now fifteen inches high. They were sown April 7th.

Col. Van Dusen has thirty teams breaking at the 13th Siding and will have 2,000 acres ready for crop next year.

The few grasshoppers that hatched in this vicinity seem to have disappeared. Blackbirds gathered the great bulk of them.

As a token of his appreciation in the change in the management of THE TRIBUNE, Father Chrysostom has ordered ten copies.

H. M. Bennett, of Rochester, Minn., has sent instructions to R. B. Mason to begin work at once on the foundation for the new flouring mill.

The Brainerd Tribune says a fifteen thousand dollar hotel will be erected this season at Gull lake, and boats for pleasure will be placed upon the lake.

The new sample room fitted up by Elder & Co., in Eisenberg's old building, has already become a popular resort. Its location is the best in the city.

Cady's quartette band furnished the music for Bostwick's ball at Raymond's Hall, Tuesday evening. The affair was very enjoyable. Thirty couple were present.

A severe hail storm passed a few miles east of Bismarck Thursday, but Mr. Steel informs THE TRIBUNE that the crops will entirely recover from the slight damage done.

Judge Cory and Sheriff McKenzie moved the county building to its present location, west of THE TRIBUNE, at their own expense. They wish to accommodate the public.

Dr. Burleigh says the grass is a foot high in the Yellowstone valley, and that radishes and lettuce were on the tables as early as the 10th of May. He says it is "God's country".

Mr. Bennett, the mill man, will arrive next week. He has ordered work to be commenced, having contracted with R. B. Mason to build the mill. The structure will cost \$40,000.

The principal purchasers at the city lot sale last Saturday were George Peoples and J. W. Watson. The highest lot sold brought \$70. It is in the rear of the Presbyterian church.

Laborers are receiving \$1.50 per day for work on the North Pacific extension. The numerous tramps in the city should note the fact and go west. For teams \$3.50 per day is paid.

A post office will soon be established at the Bismarck Crossing of the Belle Fourche to be called Belle City. The location is indeed a beautiful one. P. B. Stearns will be the postmaster.

Six thousand dollars of Burleigh County orders were sold this week at ninety-five cents on the dollar. The entire debt of the county is about twenty-thousand dollars, and its orders will hereafter be at par.

The mails now leave for the east every morning but Sunday and arrives every evening but Sunday. No change has been made in other mails, except the Black Hills stages leave every evening and arrive every morning.

Deckert and Taylor, the barbers, drew a big crowd to the foot race on Saturday. The stakes were twenty-five dollars a side. The bets were considerable. Taylor lost. He challenges Deckert to another one a week from tomorrow.

Companies C and G, commanded by Captain Jackson and Lieut. Wallace, will leave Lincoln, to-day, for Fort Meade. The band and non-commissioned staff will accompany them. Gen. Sturgis will follow later with two companies.

The county building occupied by the sheriff and the clerk of court, has been moved onto the right of way between THE TRIBUNE office and Dr. Porter's office. The U. S. land office will also be moved to the right of way during the summer.

Mr. Cushman has purchased two lots and contracted for two others one block east of Gen. Rosser's quarters, Mandan, and will soon erect a fine store building into which the Cushman post office will be moved. The postmaster talks of a new outfit for the office.

W. B. Watson is fitting up his old store building now located near the Custer House, for a residence and office, and at an early day will remove his county treasurer's books to the new office. Mrs. Watson, a most competent clerk, will have charge of the books.

Lots on section 33 are selling rapidly. A whole block has been secured for the Episcopal Church; John Davidson has secured half a block on which he will build a residence; Capt. Raymond is also negotiating for a like interest, and that tract promises to afford the most desirable residential spots in the city.

Mr. G. A. Hays is breaking 1,500 acres on the Clarke farm, near 17th Siding, in addition to the large amount he now has in crop. A house 40x42, two stories, a barn 50x60 and two large granaries have

been built on the farm this spring. Almost every quarter section of government land in the vicinity has been taken this spring by actual settlers.

Mr. Cushman has closed a contract for improving the section of land six miles north of Bismarck, owned by President Hayes and associates and Joe Pennell will next week commence breaking three hundred and twenty acres of the land in question. When the President retires from the White House he will find rest and prosperity on his Dakota farm.

The city authorities deserve commendation for the work done on the streets, and on Third and Fourth streets particularly, but they have other duties to do and it is wrong to let a week after week pass without a council meeting because a quorum fail to attend. The city can't employ men to fill your places, gentlemen of the council, till after the next city election.

The Dakota is bringing (in addition to the precious cargo of Yankton people) about thirty head of stock for the Fort Keogh stage line. The stages are now making the trip in three and one half days, but Mr. Williamson is confident that he can reduce the time to sixty-five hours when the line becomes properly outfitted, and it is with a view to providing the necessary equipments that Mr. Miner, the contractor, is now here.

**Letter List.**

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending Saturday, May 31, 1879:

A. K. Atweniussoots, Anson Ayres, Osborne Allen, B. G. Burrows, Ed. Bowling, Lee Brown, Mary Brown, Thos. Bason, Alex. Caldwell, C. S. Christianson, Chas. Clifton, Howard Conrad, F. Coates, John Crawford, John Clark, Jas. Coleman, S. C. Combs, Robt. Compton, W. H. Chamberlin, Ella Dewey, F. V. Draper, char. Edwards, Steiner Evans, V. H. Evans, W. Forward, J. Evans, Dudley Gager, c. E. Grey, Fred. Greger, J. Gieves, Ranson Giov, A. W. Hall, Adeline Hoyt, Henry Hahn, Frank Hastings, Gen. Hook, Jas. Hull, Phil Hass, Richard Heagerty, T. B. Hall, Ross Hawkins, W. H. Hussey, Hugh Kelly, Frank Klum, H. Kendl, John Kyser, Rev. Morrell, S. A. McCay, Wm. McQuade, Mrs. Alice Matthey 2, E. R. Miller, Geo. Madden, Ed. McGraw, H. F. McNally, E. Martin, J. McQuade 2, John Mulrany, Michael Murphy, M. G. McGregor 2, Miss M. McCay, Mathew Mc. John, J. Moyes, W. F. Nelson, Don Pedro Pardes, A. B. Parke, E. G. Paddock 2, E. F. Phenon, Geo. Pardi, Theod. Ring, M. J. Quinn 2, J. W. Reed, Carlton Sanderson, Frank Sherman, G. A. Sargent, Henry Swart, G. E. Stans, N. Stevenson 2, Thos. Spencer, c. E. Turnbough, J. J. Turnbull, A. P. Wise, Gusta Wills, H. Wickland, John Wham, Jos. S. Wetherby, Oliver Whitney, Mahan Welch, P. Weidman, Henry Young.

If the above letters are not called for in thirty days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters" and give date of list.

C. A. Lounsherry, P. M.

**Good News for Steamboaters.**

We have just received a consignment of choice Montana cattle, and are selling the finest beef to steamboats at eight cents per pound, and furnishing ice free.

**Hallett & Keating.**

**Burleigh County Orders.**

We will pay 75 cents on the dollar for all Burleigh County Orders sent to us before the first of July next.

521f

**McLean & Macneill.**

**To Arrive Saturday Evening:**

New Potatoes, Strawberries, Asparagus, Bananas, etc.

**Hallett & Keating.**

**For Rent.**

A good tenement house in pleasant location. Apply to C. R. Williams, Bismarck, D. T. 52-54

**For Sale.**

A seven foot silver plated counter show case, cheap. Enquire of

**Flannery & Wetherby.**

Tomatoes, cabbage and house plants at

**Hallett & Keating's.**

**Money to Loan.**

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

M. P. Slattery, 12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

**Mortgage Sale.**

Default, having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Peter Maloy, and Margaret Maloy, his wife, mortgagors, to Jacob Kallgren, mortgagee, bearing date the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1878, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain and sell and convey unto the said mortgagee, their heirs and assigns forever, the following described premises situated, lying and being in the county of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: Lots number eight (8) and nine (9), in block number forty-five (45), and the frame building situated in front of said lots in the city of Bismarck, according to the map thereof filed for record in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Burleigh, D. T. which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of one hundred and sixty-five dollars (\$165), according to the terms and conditions of a certain promissory note, bearing date with said mortgage, payable one month from date and drawing ten per cent per annum, given by the said mortgagors to the said mortgagee, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for Burleigh county, D. T. on the 22nd day of November, 1878, at 2 m. p. m. for \$165.00. Mortgages on page 99. And whereas, there is claimed to be due on said note and mortgage at the date of same, for principal and interest, the sum of one hundred and seventy-four dollars and eighty-five cents (\$174.85), and twenty-five dollars allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney fees in case of foreclosure, and that no proceedings at law or otherwise have been had to recover the amount so sued for, said mortgagor or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power given in said mortgage contained and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises as public auction to the highest bidder, who will be paid by the sheriff of Burleigh county or his deputy, at the front door of Champion Hall, in the city of Bismarck, the place where the district court for said county was last held, on the 29th day of July, 1879, at 2 o'clock p.m., to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said note and mortgage together with the sum of twenty-five dollars attorney fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated May 27th, 1879.

JACOB KALLGREN, Mortgagor.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY, Attorneys for Mortgagor.

17

**EMER N. COREY,**

**U. S. COMMISSIONER,**

**JUDGE OF PROBATE,**

AND

**Clerk of Dist. Court.**

Office one door below Tribune Block.

my317w/16

**IMPERFECT PAGE**

## STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

### BENTON P LINE.

Gen'l Office, 88 Market st. Chicago.

T. C. POWER, Gen. Manager.

JOS. McGARRY, Sup't.

J. C. BAKER, General Agent.

### BENTON HELENA and BUTTE.

One of this Line of Steamers leaves BISMARCK for FORT BENTON on the 9th and 24th of each month. Passengers from the East buying tickets over the Benton Line can save time by making sure connections on above dates.

The Fast and Elegant Steamer

### BENTON,

Leaves for Ft. Benton on arrival of train, Saturday June 14th.

### STEAMER

### HELENA

Leaves for Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone, June 6th.

For freight or passage apply on board or to

J. C. BAKER, Gen'l Agent, Sheridan House.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.

### Coulson Line

S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager.

Plying between BISMARCK and Fort Benton, and all points on the Yellowstone. The only line carrying the U. S. Government Freight.

Comprising the following first class steamers, built expressly for the Missouri river and in charge of careful and experienced officers.

MONTANA, Buesen, Master.

ROSE BUD, Todd, "

BIG HORN, Gould, "

DACOTAH, Todd, "

KEY WEST, Maratta, "

JOSEPHINE, Anderson, "

FAR WEST, Coulson, "

WESTERN, Bryan, "

BLACK HILLS, Burleigh, "

Connecting at BISMARCK with trains for St. Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern Stage Company's coaches for all points in the Black Hills.

Leaves on Thursday, June 5th, for Fort Benton, Steamer

### DACTOH,

On Tuesday, June 3d, for Fort Custer, Steamer

### BIG HORN

For information, rates, etc., apply at the company's office or on board steamer.

J. C. MARATTA, General Superintendent.

### The Northwest Transportation Co.

The Light Draft Steamer

### PENINAH

Will leave BISMARCK for Fort Benton Monday, June 2d.

Also the Steamer

### General Meade

Will leave for Sioux City Tuesday, June 3.

For freight or passage apply to

JAS. A. EMMONS, Agent.

### YELLOWSTONE LINE.

JOS. LEIGHTON, Gen'l Manager, St. Paul.

The Champion Light Draft Steamer

### BATCHELOR,

GRANT MARSH, Master.

Leaves BISMARCK on arrival of train, Monday, June 2d, for Fort Custer and al. points on the